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JAY GOULD GOES TO CHURCH.

Stock in Religion.

HE BUYS A HIGH-PRICED PEW

And Asimbes the Appearance of Devont and Long Habitual

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.-[Correspondence of the BEE . |- Jay Gould has become a church-goer. For six consecutive Sundays he has attended services in a Presbyterian church where he owns a pew. This is such a novelty for the financier that many of his friends cannot help speculating upon the possible change it indicates in his life. Dr. John R. Paxton is the preacher who expounds the scriptures to Mr. Gould, and the church edifice is on Forty-second street very near the corner of Fifth avenue. It is getting to be a popular resort of a Sunday morning, for Dr. Paxton, although a man of considerable learning and vigorous piety, has an unrestrained, not to say free and easy style of discourse and delivery. His scholarship crops out every minute, but in no stifted phrases. Even when he drops momentarily out of English to pick up a word from the Greek, as he did in one of his prayers this morning, it does not sound pedantic or uninteresting, however unintelligible it may be to his high-toned but not necessarily learned audience. He is hearty and cordial in personal intercourse, not at all adverse to the pleasures of society, and one who gives the typical club man the impression that here is a parson who can meet us on our own ground. So a good many fashionable men who would not be likely to go to church at all find themselves regularly at Dr. Paxton's and pay handsomely for their entertainment by hiring a pew Mr. Gould paid \$1,800 for his. I the center aisle about half way down. The schedule rate for this property is \$1500; it is as much property the lease of a house or lot, and may be disposed of, sold, given away, mortgaged, just like any other commodity. to its favorable situation, Mr. Gould had to pay a premium to obtain possession d in the competition which ensued hi bid of \$300 cleared the field and secured the prize. His lease of the pew dates from the first of November last and holds for a year, when it may be renewed

or abandoned, as he sees fit. DR. PAXTON'S CHURCH is a very interesting structure. It has not an imposing exterior, for it forms simply one feature in he middle of a long block of buildings devoted to dwellings and trade. There is not even a narrow alley separating it from the houses on either side, and the modest spire and ecclesiastical ornamentations are all that mark it as a place of religious worship. But the interior is delightful. There ar groined arches supporting the richly decorated roof; soft thick carpets in the aisles; handsome brown plush hangings back of the pulpit, partly concealing the expensive quartette of singers; a beautiful baptismal bows near the pulpit; dark woodwork on the pews; soft cushions at the back of the same; all these are pared with the baleony that runs round three sides of the auditorium. The appointments on the floor of the house are such as to make the ordinary meeting use of our fathers seem like a prison cell; but in the balcony all, aye, every-thing that science and art can suggest has been done to make religion comforta-ble. It is for all the world just like the dress circle of some of our fashionable theaters. Instead of stiff, formal pews. broken here and there by short aisles, there is a series of private boxes, minus the high partition. Each box is railed off from the others, and the rail glows with the soft, rich shades of brown plush. In y box are six arm chairs olstered and cushioned, the backs of which incline from the seats at exactly the angle of comfort. But the chairs are all in a row like pews; there are three front chairs and a rail just behind them like a theatre box. And on the gate leading into each box is a silver plate bearing the owner's name. When the man has ony rail, and has nestled gracefully rown into one of the easy chairs, he dooks at the opening under the groined arch at the front of the auditorium, and thinks that the setting of that seene is a very elever imitation of a churen, albeit somewhat original in arrangement. The dullest kind of a sermon from the pulpit at the front of that ecclesi-astical stage would be tolerable in that baleony. But Dr. Paxton is not credited with dullness. His church is FULL EVERY SUNDAY, and after the pew holders have taken their seats two or three hundred

strangers are left standing up at the rear of the balcony and floor. Most of these are seated, before the services have progre at far by industrious ushers who go from pew io ww or box to box where a vacancy appears requesting the courtesy spitality of the occupants in be half of visitors

was among the early arrivals last Sunday morning. With him came one of his young sons, and shortly after George Gould and his wife came also. His daughter Helen, who is credited with effeeting the incipient reform in the finan-cier's life was not present. Shortly after the services began Mr. Gould beckened to a passing usher and called his attention vacant place in the pew. The usher bowed and presently conducted a

lady to the place. When the audience stood up to recite the confession of faith Mr. Gould conformed to the movement, The Great Railroad Wrecker Begins to Take | but kept his lips closed during the recital. During prayer he bowed his head upon the back of the pew in front of him and in all other respects conducted himself so that the casual observer would have supposed him the most devout and long habituated churchman.

TWO INTERESTING EPISODES occurred in the services before Dr. Paxton began his sermon. At the proper cue a little procession entered from a door under the balcony at the right of the pulpit. First came a tall man with his overcoat on, holding in his arms a very small baby in a long white dress. The mother baby in a long white dress. The mother followed close behind, and after her came a mob-capped servant girl leading a prettily dressed little girl of about live years. These two paused on the steps just inside the door, where they could command a good view of the baptismal bowl. Dr. Paxton met the father and mother at this point and proceeded to read the appropriate service. Mr. Gould, with everybody else, watched the proceedings intently, and his interest was at least equalled by Mr. and Mrs. George Gould. When the drops of cold water were sprinkled on the strated mildly by waving his arms, but he made no improper remarks about it. Then the procession withdrew and Dr. Paxton resumed his place in front of the singers.

According to the Presbyterian custom According to the Presbyterian custom the regular Sunday notices were read by the parish clerk, and Dr. Paxton enlarged upon one of them with much earnestness. It was an appeal for funds to aid Missionary Pisek among the Bohemians of this city. Among other things Dr. Paxton said: "This work has been undertaken by the Presbytery of New York to reach the poor. It deserves your hearty support on general principles, and as Pisek is an energetic missionary and a capital fellow, I have no doubt you will support him. It is useless for me to try to preach to the poor from this pulpit: God knows nobody is ever denied admission here or made to feel out of place by reason of his poverty; the church and news have always been opened gladly to any whose demeanor was devout; but the oor won't come here at the corner of Fifth avenue So we have found that we must go to them and have hired rooms the Cooper union for services for them. You rich men. cannot bestow the hospitality of your pews upon them, or go to them personally, can reach them with your money. Pisek has already about \$11,000 for the building of a church and needs some \$30,000 more. The amount apportioned to this church to raise is \$700. and the collection will now be taken up. If you don't happen to have fifty dollars with you, write your name and the amount you wish to contribute on a slip of paper and put it in the box. The treasurer will collect to morrow." There was a good deal more of this direct, personal talk, and at its conclusion there was a general diving of hands for pockets as if the rich men were in competition to first Mr Gould contributed a coin but whether silver or gold only he and the

deacon among mortals know.

Dr. Paxton drew the text for his sernon from the story of Jonah and the whale. It was an intensely "practical" discourse delivered straight wealthy supporters and abounding in unique, bold phraseology. His first sen-tence led him into a long digression tence led him into a long digression about Tolstoi, the Russian writer, and the intellectual debility that, according to the doctor, attends high civilization. 'The man who reflects,' he said, 'is usually a coward. He who can see all sides of a question finds it harder to make up his nind than he who sees only one side. is not reason that makes epochs in the world's history, but passion and conviction. Who inspired and conducted the movement that convulsed the American republic? The polished Edward Everett? No, it was Garrison and Phillips and the homely presi modest soldier from the west. president the preacher forgot that Phillips and hi family represented the super-retinement of Boston "culture," but he went on to deery the methods and matter of the American novelists and uphold the intel lectual vigor shown by the men of half civilized Russia. All of which seemed to impress his hearers favorably. Returning to Jonah he demonstrated that that recalcitrant prophet was a very type of the modern civilized man. Jonah had better spiritual light than the his time, especial-that the Ninevites, le of his better that people and the Lord desired him to shed it upon his benighted contemporaries. Jonah was averse to this; he wanted an exclusive possession of his superior advantages; wanted to think himself the one good man of the age. This same spirit is to be seen everywhere to day. "You and I and all of us," exclaimed the doctor, "are Jonahs! Would it not be pleasant for me to feel that I was the most popular preacher in town? for you know that 70" are the richest man? the eleverest versitier? the most successful writer? We don't want share our gifts with the ordinary world

will get into trouble just as Jonah did. Look out, rich man! you are not gifted with power to preach, but you have money and if you do not let that speak for you there will be trouble ahead Gould looked straight at the doctor while these sentences were being attered. financier's brow was deeply his unilionaire hearers, Dr. Paxton in-cluded himself in all his criticisms upon the tendencies of the age, but his alfusions

But all these things are for the service of

God; the gift of eloquence, of money, of

verse, all of these are for divine service

and if you and I do not use them so, w

were very frequent and emphatic. found the Jonah spirit remarkably rife among the churches.

he said, "take the greatest satisfaction in setting themselves up as the only apostolic churches, the exclusive possessors | SCENES IN PUBLIC CAFES. | my time; the Trois Freres, the Vefour, the Voisin, the Anglais, the Riche, and so on to the end of the list. I never saw, of the truth, and looking down from their high pedestal they would consign the rest of us to the - well, I should say to the uncovenanted mercies of a Divine Providence." After this happy circumlocution he suggested the better way for the rich to serve God with their gifts. The Andover people have an idea that the heathen have another chance to accept salvation through Christ after death; I hope that is the case; I don't know; but I do know that every age is responsible to God according to its light. God has been waiting a long time for the Hindoos and the Chinese, and he can wait a good deal longer; in the meantime they have the light of Brahm and Confucius according to which God will judge them. The men of this civilization have only the light of Jesus and there is no escape from the responsibility for conduct in accordance with it. That light directs us to bear its rays to those in darkness. It is missionary work, then, that we are all called upon to do, some by preaching, others by giving money."
He did not announce another collection at the close of his discourse, but read the old "missionary hymn" for congregational singing. There was much discussion of the sermon as the audience slowly left the church. A young lady said to a visitor that one needed to hear Dr. Paxton a good many times to realize how scholarly he was. "He never preaches scholarly he was, "He never preaches twice alike," she declared. One of the rich men who was aimed at seemed to be graciously amused by the sermon and characterized its conclusions as "far

Dit, PAXTON LIVES IN ELEGANT STYLE on Forty-sixth street. When the writer on Forty-sixth street. When the writer called to make inquiries about the possibility of Mr. Gould's becoming a member of the church, he was admitted to a luxurious drawing room by a colored butler. The doctor appeared like anybody but a conventional parson in his home. His wavy brown hair, just streaked with gray, was in disorder, his smooth face was adorned with a moustache of fashionable cut, and he were a short velvet. trimmed study jacket.
"Mr. Gould," he said frankly, "is no

a member of the church and has given

me no sign of his intention to become

There are a number of rich men who are members of the congregation just because they fancy my style of preaching. They own their pews, but do not join the church. Mr. Gould became interested through his daughter Helen, a most estimable young lady, who subscribed to our confession of faith and be erme a member some time ago. For her sake, I suppose, her father bought a pew beginning of our and for her year. sake determined 1 presume, At any rate he has come to occupy it. church and sat at the head of his pew every Sunday like a man since he took possession of it. Whether the influence of the service or of the preaching will make him philanthropic remains to be seen. But Mr. Gould is an advanced man, a man of ideas, and moreover a modest and affectionate man. continual pleasure to talk with him, be cause he is so thoroughly abreast of the eading thought of our times in all matters, scientific, social and religious. I cannot see anything terrible im at all. People talk of his ruthlessly wrecking railroads, and the like. Well, now, I think there is a possibility that the glass house proverb might be quoted to some people. That New England road matter, for instance, where Mr. Gould has been accused of eaguing with Mr. Field against the interests of the property and its owners t seems to me that some of the Bostor deacons have been shown up in a most deplorable light. No, Mr. Gould is not a member of the church, and I have no specific information pointing to his com-

A Singular Admission.

ng even another Sunday, though I pre

OMAR JAMES.

Mr. Jay Gould is reported as saying hat Judge Gresaam's decision in the Wabash suit was due to the fact that the udge is "suffering from a severe attack of the presidential fever." Mr. Gould remarks: "From what I hear, I think Judge Gresham's opinion in the Wabash case was owing to the buzzing of the bee Does Mr. Gould, then, believe that judicial denunciation and obstruction of his peculiar methods in railroad manipulation are available capital for a presidential aspirant? It is no doubt true that the people are well pleased to find a United States circuit or district judge rendering a just decision on a railroad case despite the influences which have for some years held too much power over the judiciary. But is it not a little singu-lar to hear Mr. Jay Gould expressing the opinion that such decisions are ing-stone to the presidency? Does not

the admission earry self-condemnation.

Badly Frightened Hogs. New York Sun: A drove of 100 hogs that were being driven through Alletheny became frightened and simpeded. About a dozen ran into a drug store, bleeding and covered with mud. Two ladies who were waiting for prescriptions screamed with fear. One of them sprang on the counter, and the other clambered upon the soda fountain. After upsetting every article of furniture in the store, the fattest of the affrighted hogs tried to get schind the prescription counter and overturned the stove. The stove is heated by natural gas, and when it was upset the sipe was broken and a sheet of flame shot up almost to the ceiling. A disastrous conflagration would have resulted but for the prompt action of the proprietor, who turned off the gas. Two of the hogs were badly burned. The owners of the hogs were compelled to carry them out.

New York Restaurants Compared With Those of Europe.

PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

Whirr of Cannon Balls-High Times With Americans Abroad-

Adam Badeau's Letter.

NEW YORK, Dec., 17, 1886.-[Corresondence of the BEE.]-I stro'led into Delmonico's the other night after the play, and looked around at the well-dressed women, half of them that night without their bonnets, many of them people in the most fashionable society; and I could not but think how different it all was from what one sees at any other cafe in the world. There was the air of a drawing room more than a public restaurant. Half the people knew each other; they were bowing and smiling, and visiting from table to table; you might almost suppose they were invited guests who had come down from a dance, except that the women were not decollete: but the opera cloaks and the careful Rome, Brussels and Havana-when I

LONDON HAS NO CAFE worthy of the name. The clubs absorb never go to any place to eat in public. There was an effort a few years ago to establish a house where women of fashion would take a dinner or a supper, and the "Continental," as it was called, in Regent street, between Pall Mall and Picaduly, had a few months' popularity. I recollect meeting the daughters of ambassadors and a few other well-known ladies going in and out to supper or dinner in private rooms, but I never saw any women of my acquaintance in the public apartments; and that was the nearest approach to a fashionable cafe that has existed in London in forty or fifty years. The great aristocratic dames think it undignified to go to table where any who choose to pay can come in on equal ground. Even the men of the nobility share the prejudice. They think themselves too far above the rest of the world to be seen at such times. The English have never learned to take their pleasures in any way but seriously, and this particular pleasure privately.

BUT PARIS-THE HOME OF THE CAFE, where the word and the idea originated! Well! I knew Paris in the days of the Second Empire. I dined at the Trois Freres before the Palais Royal was vastated by the commune. I went first to Paris in 1869, when Burlingame was minister from China to all the rest of mankind. He was fond of me, and good to me; and his friendship was an advantage to a young American wanting to earn the European world. Many a night he took me to dinner at the Cafe Anglais which was one of the choicest at that time; or asked me to his own apartments to meet diplomatic personages, and kept me after the company had separated. Then we talked for hours, or walked the streets, or sat out on the pavement in the September nights, and watched the crowds and discussed American politics. was the first year of Grant's adminis tration, and I was fresh from the new president's side, and Burlingame wanted o return and enter the cabinet. When Rawlins died he was willing to give up China to become secretary of war; and 'tis a great pity he didn't. So he talked over the matter and the prospects with me. And long after midnight—often at 2 and almost 3 in the morning he took me for a new supper to the Cafe Riche, and nearly killed me; not with actual frantic dissipation, but with the excitement of the life and the hour and the talk and the pirds and the wine at that unusual time For with all my younger experience, knew little of such a life as this; of a din ner at 7 with important people, and an elaborate supper at 2, with the theatre Français perhaps, between; with high polities and personal ambitions spiced into

the game and the Burgundy. THE PARISIANS of course understand suppers and dinners better than any one else and every one else besides; but they have no such cafe as Delmonico's. Their idea cafe is either a place where one can have perfect meal in private, or a public room where men may dine at separate tables like gentlemen. The rooms are alwa,72 comparatively small, with four or five, or at the most, six or eight tables in a single apartment; the men, perhaps, in evening dress, but not necesin evening dress, but not neces-essarily so, and the women who occasionally accompany them, women of the demi monde, or the middle sort, or forigners. American ladies go to the pubic rooms in Parisian' cafes, and English women of position, perhaps, once in a great while, but French women of rank, never. Our countrywomen also go to the Mabille to see the can-can in its home, women of highest position and the can-can in its unblemished character: but they do not set the fashion for the inhabitants. I have dined at all the cafes in Paris in

at any one of them, a great French lady. I doubt if a great French lady ever dined in the public room of a French cafe. The class below the highest often do; respectable women, doubtless, and others who never meet American ladies; charming, agreeable, enchanting women; actresses, authors, artists of every sort, but not women of society, not women of the Faubourg Saint Germain, nor of the great official world. Perhaps, during the siege, when even these could get nothing to eat at home, they may have gone to the cafes. I used to see letters all through those terrible times from women of the highest names in France, reciting their sufferings. I heard them tell their own stories afterward; and at those mo-

PET DOGS WERE MADE INTO PIES, and rats into ragouts, it is not impossible that the grandest dames went out to the shops and cafes; but under no other cir-

ments when the horses of the Rothschilds were seized by the famishing Parisians,

snops and cates; but under no other cir-cumstances.

In Italy, Germany, Belgium, Switzer-land—English women and others of nearly the highest class, of every nation-ality dine in public—but as travellers; at Bellagie and Lugano and Baverno, and on all the Swiss and Italian lakes, Europeans of rank eat in public because they must; they feed better thus than in private. They go to the tables d'hote at but the opera cloaks and the careful coiffures and the men in dinner dress made the scene not only gay, but characteristic; for New York is the only great capital that I have known where resident women of fashion frequent a public cafe. I recall London, Paris, Madrid, New Orleans, Washington, Florence, Venice, Rome, Brussels and Havana—when I speak. More oriental experience I cannot claim, but let me tell what I can tell the tranmels that beset and confine them Hamburg Kissingen and Carlsbad and not claim, but let me tell what I can tell the trammels that beset and confine them at home; they take their coffee on the Lung' Arno, looking up at the Pitti palace and the Ponto Vecchio, the Boboli gardens and the statues of Michel An-Spagna, near the marble stairs, and feel that they have not lost caste. the foreigners, not the Italians of importance whom they see around them.

> IN SPAIN the aristocracy are as narrow as in Eng-You can eat as well in the Puerta del Sol at Madrid as in most places in this world, but you cannot do this in the company of the nobility. Sometimes the senators and their wives go into the great cafes for an ice after the opera, but the hidalgos will not dine in the presence of the multitude, I was sent to Madrid from England during the France-German war, and had a successful experience of cafes on the road. I was beare of dispatches from the state department and went glong the west of France avoid the armies. From St. Mal to Dijon I tried every cafe to Nantes and Poictiers and Bordeaux, and though it was time of war, the national cuisine, even in the provinces, was worthy of its fame. At the frontier I first experienced the hor rors of genuine Spanish cookery. I ever forget my introduction to grease and garlie? It is only two miles from Hendaye, the last town in France, Irun, the first station in Spain, but what an interval in civilization! After the Pyrenees we came to Burgos and Valladollid, where a little improvement was perceptable, and at Madrid I spent say eral weeks and revived. General Sickles was then American minister, and he was mindful of the diplomatic maxim, "Tener bonne table et isogner les dames" a good table and cultivate the tadies) Adee too, the secretary of legation, now one of the assistant secretaries of state at Washington, took me to more than one good cafe and to more than one masked But one day I went to Toledo and was ill for a week in consequence; the diplomatic tables, however, brought me about again. On my return I stopped at Bordeaux

> and there the tables were crowded with French ladies, for the assembly, driven from Paris, was in session then. Bordeaux was for a while the capital of France, Thiers made a speech which I heard in favor of mission to Bismarck's terms. I had a letter to him from our Minister Washburne, as well as one to Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, from his own government. So I staid for a few days, and saw the crowd of delegates and their wives at the

Then I went on by way of Blois and henonceaux, both in the possession of the Germans. I remember at Tours also the belmets and the Uhlans. I was German in sympathy, but when I saw the German sentinels over Chenonceaux, the palace of Francis I, and Henry Navarre, my heart rebeiled; besides which the barbarians took all the provender from all the inns on the Loire.

AT ORLEANS, iden City, because it had called the Maiden City, because it had never been captured, I read in my guide book that no woman of Orleans had ever seen the smoke of an enemy's camp; but when I was there the German camp fires blazed on every hill around, and their officers crowded every inn and foraged on every farm. I had hard work to get enough to cat; my official passport car-ried me through the lines, but did not seeure me sustenauce. However, I had campaigned before.

At last I reached Paris, entering the day the German emperor had penetrated to the Place Vendome. But ah! how changed. The cafes I had known with Burlingame we? all deserted now; the cooks had no material. I found a caricature even then of the sufferings of the besieged. A chasse a diner, a hunt for a dinner. A cat was chasing a rat, and a hungry man chasing the cat, each with the same intention. They charged enormously for every stick of wood I burned at the Hotel Bristol, and my fare was as meagre as my fire.

A Somewhat Inflated and Disappointing Social Event.

SOME OF FASHION'S CRAZES.

Tobogganing and the Banjo Captiv-

ate Society-The Will of the Boston Miser-Scenes in the Common.

Boston, Dec. 14.-[Correspondence of the Bee. j-The Dixey ball was the all absorbing topic last week, and in reading many accounts of it, one would conclude that there never had been nor ever would be such a ball. It was the boasted aim of the committee to make this ball eclipse any previously given in this country in point of elegance, refinement and beauty. The floral and other decorations were to be very elaborate and artistic and upon an extremely extensive scale. The gas, calcium and electric lights were to be strikingly unique. The music would be continuous, both in the grand and exhibition halls. Four complete bands, comprising over 200 musicians, had been engaged to make this feature an assured success. Many odd and artistic conceits were in preparation which would tend to make the occasion one long to be remembered. The supper room would be in charge of a competent and well known caterer, and the courses would be served in an unexceptional manner. Railroad arrangements would be complete, and would embrace accommodations for New York as well as suburban patrons, and would tion of the instrument into this country nelude special parlor cars for the former. No person would be admitted to the floor unless in full dress, and military and naval officers would appear in uniform. Such were

THE GILDED EXPECTATIONS of the managers of the Dixey ball, and according to the majority of newspaper reports their most sanguine hopes were realized, and their predictions were fulfilled to the letter.

It must be admitted however that the bare truth will not uphold the glaring pictures which were painted both before and after the 7th of December. It is safe to say that the few who visited the galleries as spectators got more real enjoyment of the affair than the participants, and that both were greatly disappointed. Being of so public a nature, the characters of the persons who remained to the end need no further comment.

The attendance was small, and the only thing which assumed anything like wonderful proportions was the number of emptied botties of the sparkling Vin du Champaigne. There were drunken men and women in the usual ratio, and following the general laws of cause and effect. The whole affair was an advertising scheme on the part of Mr. Dixev's management, and the actual losses owing to the almost total failure of the enterprise reach not a little way into the

The class of money and leisure used to have to go clear to Montreal for a real good slide on the orthodox Canadian toboggan. But the class of money and leisure like to have things convenient when they enjoy themselves, and it is now no longer necessary to take a trip to the dominion to get a toboggan ride. The growth of this excellent sport in Boston has been something phenomenal, and it may be said to have become as firmly established among as as lacrosse or cricket. The Carey Hill and Brookline toboggan clubs have been estab lished with memberships of hundreds, and the old time coasting has been totally eclipsed by the new method. was not long ago when a toboggan in a shop window attracted attention from the passers by; but this time has passed, and it is not an infrequent occurrence to see a young man attired in woolen knickerboekers and a particolored tuque, walking briskly along towards the Brookline or Carey Hill chutes, gracefully drawing his toboggan, and accompanied, of course, by the fair one of his choice who is also arrayed in a costume which is at once gandy and com-fortable. It is indeed a pretty sight to see a hundred ladies and gentlemen in their gaily colored tuques come shooting down the slide at an incredible speed others clambering merrily to the top and all this going on of a beautiful winter's night under the flicker of many colored this. The sport is an admirable one th for pleasure and exercise, and the custom will spread rapidly to the west in a very short time. The slides are from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in length and a slide generally has three chutes, with a club penser of warmth and refreshments.

The will of the late Ezeklet Price Greenleaf, the miser millionaire of Boston, which gave a million dollars to Harvard university has been the subject of many thoughtful comments for a week past. Provision is made for the charitable disposal of the money in case the pres-ident and fellows of Harvard do not re-ceive it. But there is no doubt that these gentlemen will accept the gift. or any other corporation, would take i or contest every inch of the will if needs

national welfare that she is to derive so much benefit from the wealth of a man who did not spend it selfishly during his lifetime, but who worked and saved and sacrificed for the benefit of others. But from the teachings of human nature, we must conclude that there are some extremely "tired" persons among the relatives of Mr. Greenleat who get but w few paltry hundreds, while the richest university in America bows its thanks for a cool million. It is unfortunate that the last act of a man's life very frequenty causes the most trouble THINGS GO BY FITS AND STARTS

in Boston as well as anywhere else. Among the lesser musical instruments the mandolin is fast coming into popular use. The banjo craze may be said to have died of old age, and to offset this the num-ber of professional and amateur mandolinists is increasing very rapidly. Most of the mandelins used in this country are imported from Germany, but they are generally somewhat remodeled by Yankee ingenuity, which is a great improvement over the proverbially inconvenient German way of doing things. A good mandolin costs from \$15 to \$40, depending, of course, upon the quality of the instrument and the amount of extra ornamentation. It is smaller than a guitar and is strung like a violin, except that it has double steel strings. The strings are touched by a small thin piece of tortoso stell, held firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. The instrument cannot be played singly with any good effect, and a piano, or better still a guitar, makes a beautiful accompaniment. The tone of the mandelin is beau-tiful and clear, and many musically in-clined persons, including young ladies and gentlemen of the better classes, have fallen in love with it as a classic and alt gether pleasing substitute for the old and universal custom of piano and voice practice. Teachers of the mandolin all have their hands full, and the old banjo instructors are feet adding a "mandolin instructor". fast adding a "mandolin instruction" clause to their shingles. The introducis already an assured success, and in a few years we shall be ready for some other new and odd conceit. THE COMMON.

One of the most interesting features of historic Boston is that somewhat tripentagonal piece of ground in the center of the city, known as Boston common. Other cities can boast of more preten-tious public grounds, but a park of greater natural beauty or of more interesting and pertinent historic recoilec-tions would indeed be very hard to find, There is nothing in the Hub of which its inhabitants may be more truly or justly proud than the common. Its history is long and interesting, but a few bare facts will answer our purpose. was truly a common from the beginning, being set off by the first settlers as a training ground. It was early put to the joint use of a pasture, and a training field on muster days. Another use for the common is found in the following quotation from a book published by an English traveler in 1675: "On the south there is a small but pleasant common, where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their Marmelet madams till a 9 o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations when presently constables walk their rounds to see good order kept and to pick up loose people." During all its During all its earlier history the common was used as a place of execution, and many were the murderers, pirates, deserters and witches who met their doom under the shadows of its mammoth elms. this day the common is used a parade ground, and here the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, the oldest mil-itary organization in the United States, hold its annual parade and drum-head election. The common is characterized by the extreme simplicity and plainness of its appearance. There is little at-tempt at artificial ornamentation, "the velvety greensward and the over-arch-ing foliage" seeming to fill the bill com-pletely. Fine old trees shade all the paths and walks of the place, and seem to add dignity as well as rural simplicity to The old clm, which was blown down in 1876, was the most noted tree in the common. It was the oldest tree in New England, and could number as many years as the city of Boston itself. It was on this venerable old tree that the supposed witch, Ann Hibbens, was hanged in 1615.

THE PROG POND was in the early days true to its name, but it has since been made an artificial pond supplied by the city water works. The most conspicuous object on the common is the Soldiers' and Saitors' common is the Soldiers and Salities monument, on a hill west of the frog pond. It was designed by Martin Milmore, and dedicated on the 17th of September, 1877, when the militia force of the state paraded on the common and was reviewed by the president of the United States. The monument rests on a platform thirty eight feet square. On four pedestals surrounding the main monument are four bronze statues, two representing a sailor and a soldier and two graceful female figures in ancient costume representing Peace and History. The main shaft is a Roman Dorie column of white granite, on the top of which is a bronze statue of Liberty. The following inscription, written by the president of Harvard uni-

versity, appears on the monument: To the men of Boston, who died for their country, on land and sea, in the war which kept the union whole, destroyed slavery and maintained the constitution, the grateful city has built this monument, that their example may speak

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